Not vouching once to speake w him
whose hart thou hast in hold:
Sith liking same hath graunted
should loue so soone be cold. (grace

Consider these my letters well,
and answer them agenne:
For I thy friend in couert zeale,
this time hath closd my penne.

Farewel, a dieu ten thousand times,
to God I thee commend:
Beseching him his heauenly grace,
vnto thee styll to send.

¶ Thy friend in wealth, thy friend in woe,
Thy friend while lyse, shal styll me troe:
And whilst that you, inioy your breath,
Leaue not your friend, vnto the death:
For greater praise cannot be wonne,
Then to obserue true loue begonne.

¶ FINIS. VV. G.

¶ Imprinted at London, by
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R W

Against the wilfull Inconstancie of his deare Foe E. T. Which Example may iustly be a sufficient warnyng for all Youngmen to beware the fained Fidelytie of vnconstant Maydens.

ALL youthful Wights at lyberty
whom LOVE did neuer thrall,
I wish that my decay may be,
a warnyng to you all:

That haue a soare bred in my Breast
although it be not strange:
Yet wyll it bryng me to the Graue
without some sodaine change.

For I by Sute haue serued one
two yeares and somwhat more,
And now I can no longer serue
my hart it is so sore.

B. Which

Whiche hart I let to Vserie
through gredie fond desire:
Not doubting to receiue home twain
when I would them requyre.

But if that euerie Vserer
had such good hap as I,
There would not be so many men
would vse this Vserie.

My Debtor hath deceyued mee
so: she is from mee fled:
And I am left among the Buyers
to bryng a Foole to Bed.

So that I seely man remayne
eche day in doubtfull case:
For DEATH doth dayly lye in
to rest me with his Mace. (wayte

And cast mee into Prison strong
the Doore is made of Grasse:
And I might bles my houre of birth
if it were come to passe.

For lo my carefull choyce doth chuse
to keepe mee styll in thrall,
And doth regard my lone no more
then Stone that lyes in wall:

Wher-

Wherby I see that Womens hartes
are made of Marble Stone
I see how careleſſe they can bee
when penſiue men do mone.

I ſowed both pure and perfect ſeede
on fayre and pleaſant grounde
In hope though harueſt brought ſom
ſom profit might bee found. (pain

But now the Harueſt ended is
and for my faythfull Seedes
And all my payne and labour paſt:
I haue nought els but Weedes.

I thruſt my hand among ỹ Thornes
in hope the Roſe to finde.
I prickt my hand and eke my hart
yet left the Roſe behynde.

Not I, but many more I knowe
in Loue do lacke releefe,
But I as cauſe doth mee compell,
do waple my payne and griefe.

I doubtleſſe can not bee the firſt
That Loue hath put to payne,
Nor yet I ſhall not be the laſt
that Women wyll diſdayne.

If I poore wretch should think vpon
the paynes that I haue past:
Or if I should recount the cares,
that she hath made me taste

Into Dispayre it would me driue,
and cleane my hart in twaine:
Dyels bereaue me of my Wittes
to thinke vpon the payne.

I neuer spent one day in Ioye
my carefull hart doth know,
Since first I lent my Loue to her
by whom my griefe doth growe.

There are no greater paynes assignd
for dampned Ghostes in hell:
Then I do suffer for her sake,
that I do loue so well.

The Pryce that I haue paid for loue
not many men do gyue.
But I my Bargayne shall repent
as longe as I do lyue.

I payde for loue and that full deare
yet I receyue right nought,
I neuer was so much deceyued
in any thynge I bought.

If

To the vnconstant E. T.

If euerie woman on her friend
suche pitie vse to take,
Then shortly men wyll ron to loue,
as Beares vnto a stake.

But now let VENVS fire her forge
let CVPIDS Shafte be sent:
They can no more encrease my woe
for all my Loue is spent.

But here good Reader thou maist see
how Loue hath paide my hyre,
To leaue mee burnyng in the flame,
compeld to blow the fyre.

But if that thou good frende desire
to lyue in happy state:
Then seeke in time to shon mishap,
Repentance coms too late.

Frequent not Womens company
but see thou from them swarue
For thy Rewarde shall be but smal,
what euer thou deserue.

Take heede for ẏ maist come in thrall
Before that thou beware:
And when thou art entangled once
thou canst not flie the snare.

Take

Take thou not this to be a Iest,
but thinke it to be true,
Before thou proue as I haue done,
least proofe do make thee rew.

Yet if thou chaunce to place thy loue
take heede what thou doest saie:
And see thou place thy talke in Print
or els beware a fraie.

And thus I ende: not doubtyng but
these wordes may well suffice,
To warne thy gredie hart of harme
and ease thy rouing eyes.

Ease by Disease,
hath made me to haie,
Time hath so turned
my Suger to Saie.

FINIS. R. VVITC.

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